

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.

"Street sweeping at night time is by no means all fun," remarked an old driver of a street sweeping machine to a Star reporter, "for we have to keep our eyes skinned all the time, or we will sweep curselves into a lot of trouble. It is a very sleepy business in other ways, for the horses do their work so regularly that they know the routes as well as those who schedule them for us, and many of them sleep while they are out on their routes. The difficult part of the work is during the warm weather, for on hot nights it is remarkable how many people are found sleeping on the streets, and especially near the gutters. It is to keep a watchout for such fellows as this that makes our work. It may seem peculiar to many, but it is a fact all the same that there is scarcely a night during the summer that we do not have a queer experience in the matter of sweeping up people. I remember one night last summer very well, and I suppose I will always remember it. I was driving along K street, along the edge of Mount Vernon Park, and had just about reached 7th street, when cries of 'Murder! you are killing me!' came out upon the stillness of the night. I at first supposed some one was being held up in the park, or at least that he supposed he was being murdered, but was even more horrified when I discovered that I had gathered up a man in my sweeper. He was terribly tangled up in my ma-chine, and, though I field up as quickly as I could, he kept on crying out that he was being murdered at the top of his voice. carefully untwisted him and put him on his feet. It appears he sat down on the curb to wait for a car, and fell asleep, and must have rolled into the street, for I was six feet away from the curb when I picked him up with my sweeper. I convinced him that it was his own fauit, however."

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"It is wonderful how much confidence people have in a letter carrier's ability to deliver letters," said a letter carrier to a Star reporter. "Very often we have letters to deliver with scarcely any address at all, and even that imperfect. If they manage, however, to get the number of the house and the street right we can generally do the rest, it matters not how the names are spelled or even if they have been left off altogether. In other instances the names are all right, but there is no address. In nine cases out of ten such letters reach their destination, though they are often somewhat delayed. I had a letter a few days ago which illustrates my 'dea. It was addressed to a public wagon stand, to be delivered to the 'driver of a gray horse with a covered furniture wagon, the wagon be-ing painted green. It was the last word that secured the delivery, for it happens there are three white horses which are usually on that stand, but there was only one green-painted wagon. The laughable part of it was that the letter was marked 'Immediate.' I visited that stand three times during the day, and, though white horses were in evidence each time I was there, the green-painted wagon did not show up until my last crip. Then the com-bination was complete, and I delivered the letter. It was an order for the driver to move some furniture.
"Another letter I once delivered was

blindly addressed. It was addressed to 'Mr. —, who owns two Spitz dogs, one a yellow and the other a gray.' In a note on the back of the envelope, addressed 'to the letter carrier,' the information was given that the name had slipped the mind of the writer, but that the man with the two dogs was known to the car-rier. It happened that I did know the man, and had often seen him with his dogs, but he lived two miles from my route. though he very frequently came through it, visiting his son, who lived in my district. He got his letter, though." * * * * * * "Though there are frequent advertise-

ments in the daily papers of this city of persons who offer money to secure appointments in the departments," observed an old department clerk to a Star reporter. "I am satisfied that there has been but little business done in such matters in the past. and even less in late years. To tell the truth, I know of but one such case, and that was fifteen or more years ago. Since then I have not even seen it charged that such things existed. My experience has been that the persons who advertise in such manner do so in desperation, and having heard that such things have been done, are willing to run the risk. In the way department places are now filled there is no chance for what was known as office brokerage. There is a class of brokendown, or broken-up, politicians who like to make it appear that they are men of great influence. If people are fools enough to give them money they will guarantee to get them in the departments, or anywhere else, for that matter, but it is a clear case of confidence game or swindle, and they have no idea of delivering the goods. Inthe most of them would gladly enough take a small place in the departents themselves if they could secure one. There was an old fellow about the Capitol several years ago who did quite a thriving business swindling applicants for departbusiness swindling applicants for department places. His specialty, however, was in securing places about the Capitol, though the entire time he was here he was an applicant for a small position there himself. He claimed to have a pull on the Texas delegation. With others, he claimed that he was a brother-in-law of the late that the was a brother-in-law of the late that meeting rever came off. I was unexpectedly called back to Baltimore four days later, and I had to stop over a train in Pittsburg. When I had transacted the firm's business I thought I'd just drop into the hotel where our man was stopping and see how things were. The clerk told me both men had gone to Harrisburg on Senator Voorhees. He also claimed a near relationship to Ambassador Bayard, and promised any number of diplomatic ap-pointments. He was a lawyer, and knew enough about the law to go just so far and no further. He never took money out-right or contracted to do any particular service, though he made as many loans as he could from his victims for using his he could from his victims for using his in-fluence. Those advertisements do a great deal of harm out of this city, for they are shown about as evidence of great corrup-tion in Washington. As far as I have looked into the matter, and my service as clerk in the appointment office of one of the largest departments has given me greater opportunity than many could have, I am satisfied that the whole thing is done by ignorant persons, and that they never get any answers to their advertisements."

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"The general delivery window of the city post office is used for many things besides the delivery of letters," explained one of the night clerks. "Only recently, and somehow the case did not get into the newspapers, a Kentucky sheriff arrested a desperate barn burner through the general delivery window. It appears that one of a gang of barn burners was arrested, and on him were letters from the leader of the gang, stating that though he intended staying in Baltimore with some friends until ing in Baltimore with some friends until the excitement about their operations passed over, he would occasionally visit Washington to secure any letters that might be sent to him by his intimates. He particularly advised that his letters should be sent to the general delivery. The sheriff called at the office, explained the case, and been taught to ride on a norse accompanied by a dog.

An elephant, with a lion which rides and a horse, fetched only a fraction less. High prices were paid for some old elephants—from £250 to £500. A hippopotamus, six months old, reached £500. Tigers brought £105 to £300; lions, £100; one chimpanzee, £50, and several ostriches, £40 each. asked if there were any letters for the writer of the letter. He was told that there were two. The sheriff then camped as it were, at the general delivery window. On his fourth night the man called for his mail. The tip was given to the sheriff, who was in the rear hall of the office at the time, and the arrest was made."

"The word 'piug-ugly' we see sometimes in print," says an old-timer, "was unknown to our grandfathers, and lexicographers may look in vain for the root of the word in the languages which form the foundain the languages which form the founda-tion of the English. It is a modern word, but half a century old, and, we believe, in

A YOUNG WOMAN OF POLISH | death, followed by the words: "She was a DIDN'T

She was a typical sweet young thing; one of those ideal creatures with natural golden hair, a complexion, also natural, akin to alabaster and a plump figure that was not greatly marred by the addition of a clinging silk waist and a dark cloth skirt. She smiled sweetly as she timidly approached the clerk of the Police Court a few days ago, and thereby disclosed a double row of real pearly teeth. In fact, she was ideally perfect, so far as looks go, and seemed strangely out of place amid such somber surroundings as are incidental to the old temple of justice. The sensibilities of the clerk, his deputies and a Star reporter, who were all wondering as to the nature of her visit, therefore, were greatly shocked when she said in a 16 to 1 silver voice: "I am selling a shoe polish. Do you mind if I canvass the building?" Of course, the clerk did not mind, and he

said so as politely as he could. The answer would have been the same if permission had been asked to blow up the court house with

dyr amite. "Thank you so much," next murmured the sweet young thing in tones that tinkled like April rain drops in cuckoo cups of gold. Her plans were evidently carefully laid out, for she proceeded straightway to the office of Prosecuting Attorney Pugh, and, without a word of explanation, dropped on her knees before that susceptible official. Beof Prose fore he could recover his presence of mind the visitor had taken a bottle of polish from a small valise and was energetically applying it to one of the shoes worn by Mr.

wherever there are paid fire departments there are now no 'plug-uglies,' unless we apply the word to any one of ugly dispo-

spiny the word to any one of ugly disposition, and the real genus is yearly becoming more rare in the towns and villages where the old hand apparatus is still used."

"Dr. Daniel B. Clarke's retirement from

the National Bank of the Republic," says

one of his old friends, "probably closes a

long, active and successful business career

of half a century, for he will likely enjoy

his evening of life in a well-earned rest.

Dr. Clarke was in early life an apothecary

-as the druggists were then called-and

about 1845 established a business at the corner of 11th and D streets southwest (11th street being then the main thoroughfare to the steamboat wharves), his capital invested being them.

invested being only \$100. Here Dr. Clarke

End. Among them I recall, too, the fact that the late Dr. James E. Morgan entered

on the practice of his profession as a neigh-bor of Dr. Clarke about the time the latter

entered business in South Washington, and the late Wm. J. Sibley, so long one of Dr.

Clarke's associates as a director in the

bank, then filled the modest position of messenger in the Post Office Department."

AN UNPATENTED METHOD.

Traveler Who Believed in Helping

There were half a dozen drummers on a

Pennsylvania train in Pennsylvania headed

toward Pittsburg, which is also in Penn-

sylvania, and they were talking about ail

manner of interesting things, as drummers

always do. Incidentally their stories ran

into the subject of the sharpness of drum-

mers and their proof against the wiles of

"Which reminds me," remarked a good-

looking fellow from Philadelphia, "that

about two years ago right along here I had

an experience. There were eight or ten of us, and at Johnstown we were joined by a modest and backward kind of chap from

"About fifty miles or so out of Pittsburg

a plainly dressed, clean-looking party came into the car and took a seat among us, for he seemed to be a man who liked compan-

ionship. Later it developed that the new

hotel in Pittsburg, the inventor saying he

lived in one of the interior towns and was

stopping with a brother in the suburbs.
"When the patentee left the train at his

suburban station we guyed the Chicago man a good deal about rainbow chasing

on which sensible people very often waste

a lot of time.

"'That's all right,' he retorted, 'but one of these very articles I am selling now was offered to me just as this fellow offered me his today, and I turned it down. I happen to know that at present it news my firm

to know that at present it pays my firm

about \$10,000 a year, net, which I might as well have had as they. Since that date, my dear boys, you bet I don't give any kind of a patent a chance to get by me until I see what it is.'

"He talked so quietly and earnestly that when we got off the train those of us who could had agreed to meet the patentee at the Chicago man's hotel next day, and

those who could not be present had a proxy

be good. It did so prove, for there was no

and when the meeting adjourned a com-mittee had been appointed to draw up papers, organize and get the new company

in shape. Each of us put down our names for so much stock, the Chicago man sub

scribing to \$500 worth and putting the cash

down for it. In a day or two there was \$3,000 to our credit in a well-known bank,

and there would have been a lot more if we had followed the advice of the Chicago

man, who was our general manager and treasurer, but we did not want to divide our snap into too many parts, and refused

"When this was fully settled the three or four of us still remaining in town went

ahead on our business, leaving the Chi-

cago man and the patentee, whose patent had gone in as one-third of the stock, in

charge, to keep things moving until the next meeting of directors, two weeks later. "But that meeting rever came off. I was

me both men had gone to Harrisburg on business two days before, and had told him to hold mail, telegrams, &c., as they would be back in three days. That's all he knew, and that's all I could find out then, as I had to have to be the country of th

had to hurry on to Baltimore; but I wired

a man to meet me at the train in Harris-burg who was a stockohlder to the same

extent I was. He had seen neither of the

had buncoed us; that was all there was to it. It was easy, because we were easy. They weren't so sharp as we were so stu-pid, and there's no telling how many suck-

ers would have bitten if we had not beer greedy and shut the subscription books.

They took every cent we had in the bank, and left us with all the bills to pay, which we paid rather from a sense of duty than a

sense of indebtedness, and so the chapte

Prices Paid for Wild Beasts

A portion of Carl Hagenbeck's well-

known collection of animals, some of which

were seen here, has just been sold at Ham-

One lot, comprising three lions, two ti-

gers, two leopards, a polar bear and four

dogs, all "accustomed to perform together,"

brought f2,500; a similar lot, but with five

lions and three tigers, brought £3,400, while

Teacher (some time in the future)-

Pupil—"In the extreme southern corr of the Greater New York."

Where is New York state?"

6600 purchased a Penang tiger which had

From Answers.

burg.

"But why go on with the sad story? They

to receive further subscriptions.

question about its mechanical excellence

named to act in case the patent proved

the warv.

business down fine.

a lot of time.

Those Who Helped Themselves. .

Pugh.
"Isn't it grand?" she said as a patent
leather gloss appeared, "and only 25 cents a bottle. Won't you buy one, please?"

Mr. Pugh said he would not only buy one, but another also. Furthermore, he would exert himself to influence everybody within range to make a purchase, and everybody did, parting with his money after the minimum urging. In something less than ter minutes twenty-three bottles of polish had been disposed of, and only one bottle re-

mained in the valise.

"We must sell that last bottle," declared
Mr. Pugh. "Send for Mr. Mullowney."
Mr. Mullowney is the popular assistant
United States attorney, and he considers invested being only \$100. Here Dr. Clarke built up a good trade and passed many years of his life, subsequently removing to Pennsylvania avenue and 4½ street, and thence to another stand, where he was highly successful as a wholesale and retail dealer in drugs. He retired from this business when he became the president of the bank, and during his administration his directory and bank furnished officers for other national banks—Mr. John E. Herrell, president of the National Capital, and the late Mr. W. R. Riley, president of the West End. Among them I recall, too, the fact himself quite an entertaining conversationalist. He soon put in an appearance and carefully examined the label on the bottle. "I haven't a quarter to spare," he finally said, and was answered with a cajoling chorus from the score or more who had purchased. He was vrged and threatened, but without avail. For thirty-eight min-utes Mr. Mullowney dilly-dallied, so to speak, until finally the sweet young thing

said petulantly:
"I never had such hard worke to get a quarter before in my life."
"Don't be mad," then remarked the United States attorney, soothingly. "I was merely talking to keep you here as long as possible. Here's the money."

The visitor started to leave, when she was stoned. "Won't you shake hands?" plead-

stopped. "Won't you shake hands?" pleaded Mr. Mullowney. "You know"—and he compared his flaxen curls with her golden -"we blondes should be friends." "All blondes are light-headed," was the immediate reply of the sweet young thing: some more so than others. I don't care to

mention names, but I'm looking straight at you, Mr. Mullowney."
She whisked from the building. The assistant United States attorney said not a word. In silence he handed the bottle to a bailiff and returned to his office. He now threatens to prosecute to the full extent of the law any person who mentions polish in his presence.

A MISSING AIRSHIP.

A Smithsonian Man Has Something to Say on the Subject.

"Speaking of this airship or aerial whatis-it," remarked an old clerk in the Chicago"—everybody gave the talker the laugh, but he went on with his story—"who Smithsonian, "which seems to be perambulating through the circumambient atmoshad a line of patented things which he was selling. When he got started he seemed to be very intelligent, and he had the patent phere, within the last few weeks, I am reminded of an experience that came to me years ago. I was a boy of ten and had a pronounced taste for mechanics of all kinds. My home had been in Massachusetts, but my mother dying and leaving me alone in the world. I went to Ohio to stay with man had a patent car coupler and was looking for capital. The Chicago man, in line with his interests in patents, at once an uncle, who was a rich farmer, living about twenty-five miles south of Lake began an investigation, and pretty soon he reported that the invention was a good one. So good, in fact, that he made a date with the patentee to meet him next day at his head. In Pittaburg, the inventor receipe he

"He had two sons five or six years older than myself, and working on the farm as the farm blacksmith was a man of about thirty years of age, who was the most in-At least, he seems so to me now, judging with my ma-turer judgment by the impression he made my youthful imagination. I used to on my youthful imagination. I used to play in the shop, and he took particular delight in having me there and helping me make various little things of iron. My cousins were fond of being with him, too, but they had less time, so that I became

his nearest friend.

"He would tell me about great things he was inventing and sometimes would show me odd-looking wheels and funny little fans and a lot more that he would tell me nothing of. After I had been on the farm nearly two years, he took me out one day and made me swear never to tell what he would show me, and then he let me into his sanctuary beyond the big room over the shop, where I saw a peculiar boat-s vessel, about twenty feet long, with a fan-like propeller for a tall, and along the sides finlike wings. Inside of it was an engine finlike wings. Inside of it was an engine that worked with some kind of chemicals. What they were I do not know, but when he mixed them in the retort and set them afire, they made a light that blinded me so I could not look at it.

"He told me very little about his boat except that it would run through the air and that he was going to give it a trial trip when the moon was full, and that besides me only my two cousins were to see the

me only my two cousins were to see the start. The moon fulled a week later, and at 10 o'clock at night, when everybody else was asleep, my cousins and I slipped out of the house and joined the blacksmith at the shop. With our help, he soon got the boat, which was very light and on

the boat, which was very light, and on rollers as well, to the hole in the wall where he had knocked the planks off.

"Taking his place in it with his chemicals ready and a light in his hand to start he power going he told us he thought the the power going he told us he thought the boat would probably sail out of the shop and light on a hill about two hundred yards away. If it did not do more than let him down easy fifty feet away he would be satisfied. What it did do was to carry him to the hill, and when we came after him he was nearly crazy with the excitement of success, and wanted to start right then and there for Cleveland, about thirty miles away. We tried to talk him out of it. away. We tried to talk him out of it, but he was sure everything was all right, and at once ran back to the shop and got a great lot of his chemical fuel and loaded the ratest with the

the retort with it. "In some way, before he had got into the boat, the chemicals ignited and with a swish the strange machine gave a sudden lurch, dashing the blacksmith to one side, and, rising like an arrow, shot northward toward the lake at an amazing speed. For an instant its creator watched it as it sped away with all his hopes and labor and study, and then with a groan he fell to the ground and lay there. When we turned him over he was black in the face and blood was coming from his mouth. We were nearly frightened to death, but we got him home, and there he lingered for a week and died without ever quite regaining

all consciousness.
"A less sensitive man might have survived the shock and built his boat again, but this man had his soul in his work and it went away when the boat did. What ever became of the craft no one has discovered to this day, though the general belief was that it had fallen into the lake and gone to the bettern though it is and gone to the bottom, though it is possible that it might have been lost in the forests of Canada. Wherever it went nobody knew enough of it, except us boys, to make any effort to find it, and the discovery ended with the blacksmith. It is remembered in that section now only by the outlines of it made from a drawing by one of my cousins, which were cut on the plain marble slab over the grave of the the plain marble slab over the grave of the blacksmith in a little country churchyard.

A GOOD GIRL.

Looking Backward Into a Man's Life

As the reporter was passing a marble yard a man whom he well knew to b prominent in the affairs of a church an the society clustered about it came out or the street and joined him. They were mem bers of the same congregation and, as far as one man thirty years older than another is on terms of companio each other, these two might be called

"Come back in here with me," said the older man, and the reporter went with him into the shop of the cutter until they stood before a plain tablet of stone bearing the ordinary inscription of name, birth and

Good Girl"

The reporter looked questioningly at his friend, for the name was not that of any member of his family, and the date showed

years old. "You don't understand what it means, "You don't understand what it means, of course," he said, leading the reporter back to the street again and walking away with him, "but I do, and I want to tell you what only a few of my friends know and what my wife has known since she knew me. When I was a young man of twenty I was engaged as an under manager of a factory which my father owned. I was a silly sort of a chap about girls, as most young fellows are, and the daughters of our workmen were not at all backward in accepting attentions from me.

"Of these was one, a very hansome girl,

that the dead person was nearly seventy

in accepting attentions from me.

"Of these was one, a very hansome girl, several years my senior and to me a most attractive girl. I devoted myself to her, and though she had no social position and the other girls in the factory and of its society would not associate with her, it made no difference to me and I proposed to defer my can people the factory people. to defy my own people, the factory people and everybody else and marry her. At the time of my appearance she was received. ing the attention of a well-to-do farmer, who had been wanting to marry her for two or three years, but she was having a good time and would rot listen to him. She was ambitious, too, and as between the other men she knew and the farmer there was a gulf she realized, and she would only take him as a sacrifice. Her father was most anxious that she should marry me, and he d I were on the best of terms, and I

and I were on the pest of terms, did him many favors.
"Of course, the girl was flattered and at first the flattery seemed to be all there was in it for her, but after a few months I could feel that she loved me with a not higher feeling than had ever I could feel that she loved me with a no-bler and higher feeling than had ever come to her heart before. Later she used to talk to me about my marrying her and offering objections because of the condi-tions about her. But I would not listen. One day I saw her coming out of my mother's house and was so surprised that I ran after and caught up with her. In I ran after and caught up with her. In reply to my inquiries she told me to call on her that evening and she would tell me something. I did so and she told me in the presence of her father that she would never marry me. I insisted that she should and her father became so angry that he and her father became so angry that he threatened to kill her if she did not. She smiled at that and said she had provided smiled at that and said she had provided against such contingencies and she told him to kill her if he wished to, but that would not make her my wife.

"She thereupon handed him a marriage "She thereupon handed him a marriage"

certificate showing that she had been mar-ried to the farmer that afternoon as the only way she could render me a service she could not possibly render as long as she was unmarried As another man's wife I had ro claim on her, neither had her father, and I was free to choose a wife more suitable to my family and my age. "That ended it, of course, for I saw there was no use fighting the fates, and the farmer. Her father preferred that she was no use ngning the lates, and the farmer. Her father preferred that she have the farmer to no one, so he accepted the situation when he saw he had it to do, and as for the farmer, he was the only person of those immediately at interest who was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. However, as time went by we were all better satisfied, for she proved to were all better satisfied, for she proved to be a most exemplary wife, and she cer-tainly was a beautiful stepmother to his three children Whether it was because of her love for him, or for them, or for an ideal, I cannot say. He died ten years ago, leaving her a comfortable property, and when they told me of her death two morths ago, I asked as a special favor that I be permitted to erect over her grave a tablet inscribed as this stone is:
"She was a Good Girl."

He Had Done His Share.

Frem Judge. The only people who are positive they are fitted to bring up children in the way they should go are very old gentlemen and maiden ladies. An amusing little scene, in which the "helpful old gentleman" figured, occurred the other day at the Grand Central station. Quite a family party were assembled, of the class that believes in making the most of a free country, to await the arrival of an expected guest. Children were there galore, playing tag all around the old gentleman's feet, falling all around the old gentleman's feet, falling periodically over his canvas bag, squealing wildly as they ran into passengers, and retreating in heaps as a "cop" approached. The "helpful old man" stood it as long as he could conscientiously, then, looking over his spectacles, said severely, "Stop that racket—you children!"

"Well, I like that!" answered one of the mothers, in a lond, angry tone.

mothers, in a loud, angry tone.

But if she did, the old gentleman didn't, oman as he continued: "Now, look here, madam, I've raised three families of children, and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy my neigh-"Well," replied the irate lady, "if you've

raised three families you've done your duty, and I'll thank you to allow me to

The Tale of an Umbrella



I-"Here, boy, take this umbrella to Mr. Dingle, 10 Long avenue, and tell him I am very much obliged for the loan of it. Now he will need it."



II-"What's de use of havin' an umbrel-



III-"Dis is a tornado, sure! Dere goe



IV-"He says he's very much obliged

KNOW TURKEYS

Old Man Nubbins sat listening to the "boardin'-men" swapping yarns about their prowess as hunters. He was in his favorite attitude-right leg crossed over the left; right elbow in left palm, the back of which rested on right knee; chin in palm of right hand-and, as usual, he was vigorously masticating a huge chunk of tobacco. He remained silent until the stylish youth remarked that he was something of a wild turkey killer himself, when the old man fairly snorted.

from city fellers before. The fac' is, they don't know a wild turkey when they see

"Humph! I've heer'd that kind o' talk

one."
"Oh! Mr. Nubbins," mildly remonstrated the youth, "I assure you I do. But why do you speak so positively? Did you ever have any experience in this line with city bunters?" "Experience!" echoed the Snicker's Gap

oracle contemptuously.
"That means a story," put in the army
veteran. "Let's have it, Nubbins." Depositing his ever-present cud in a convenient spot on the window sill, the popular boniface said:

Well, it ain't much of a yarn; but "Well, it aln't much of a yarn; but a few summers back there wus a lot of fellers stoppin' at my house, and they talked so big 'bout their shootin' and their knowin' how to ketch game that I ast 'em to come up in the fall and I'd try to round up some wild turkeys that I knowed was somewheres in the Blue Ridge. They talked it over and accepted the invite, and a few weeks later three of 'em did come. few weeks later three of 'em did come. Humph! You ought to've seen the outfit they fetched. Enough guns and dogs to've got ev'ything for twenty mile around."

The old man paused, a smile broke over his honest old face, and he shook his head approvingly as he continued:
"But the licker they brung along! Wall

"But the licker they brung along! Well, well; it wus fine, and no mistake, an' they didn't put no limit on it, nuther. I ain't didn't put no limit on it, nuther. I ain't had no such licker as that sence they left," and there was a suspicion of injury in the tone of the last utterance that made his hearers feel a trifle uncomfortable at their reglect of so important a matter. So the veteran hastened to ask:

So the veteran hastened to ask:
"How about the turkey hunt, Nubbins?"
"As I wus sayin'," resumed the narrator,
"when I got to thinkin' about that licker,
them three fellers had 'nuff guns and stuff to hunt all winter with, and the way they talked 'bout wild turkeys wus a caution They knowed all 'bout 'em-where they wus, what they 'et and how to git 'em, ar wus, what they et and now to git em, and called 'em by some outlandish names 1 never heer'd tell on. I ast one of the chaps who done most of the talkin' where he larnt all that, and he said out of books on awn-ing-the-olo-gy, or some such crazy name. Howsomever, when they writ me they wus a-comin', I put in some time scoutin', and foun' good signs, so we made our plans to start the mornin' after they arrived, and all hands turned in early. The nex' mornin' I woke 'em at 3 o'clock, and, after a hear of varyin', and street. and, after a heap of yawnin' and stretch in', they got up and got ready, and, leavin' the dogs at home, we made for a place bout two mile up the ridge on the other side. I foun' the wind warn't right for a location there, and we made a trip a long way 'round, so as the birds wouldn't ketch our scent, an', after a heap of stumblin' through the dark woods, I finally got the hunters placed at the end of a little valley where I was to drive the turkeys down. It was chilly, and many a nip o' that good went to where it done the mos good. After fixin' the fellers and givin' all the necessary directions, I then had a long and hard trip to git the birds between me an' the ambush. Well, after a while they commenced to git oneasy, and the hundry of 'em' there are the state of the stat of 'em, there wus six, as \$ remem ber, started in the direction of the valley and when they reached it they fell to eatin't the stuff we had dropped along there, and gradually moved to where the shooters wus in hidin'. It wus good daybreak when that bunch passed right by them city hunters, within twenty yards of 'em, and moved on down the ridge. Well, I wus a-wonderin' why in thunder I didn't bear no shootin',

why in thunder I didn't hear no shootin', and when I got to the place I ast of the birds hadn't passed there."

Even the remembrance seemed to disgust the old man, but he continued: man, but he continued:

"The answer they giv' me proved what I sed just now 'bout city chaps not knowin' a wild turkey, for the man who had read all about 'em in them books and who claimed to know all about 'em, anyway, said, as innercent as a child, that a lot of domestic turkeys had just passed clost to them, but they didn't shout them as to them, but they didn't shoot them, as they wus waitin' for the wild ones. Well, they wus a sheepish-lookin' lot o' hunters when I tele 'em how s'prised I wus that along o' all their talk and readin', they didn't know a wild turkey when they seen him, and how they'd lost their chance after our hard work to git it. They wus too ashamed to stay any longer, so they went right back home the same day. An' I never hear you city fellers talk 'bout what you c'n do with guns without thinkin' of how them chaps let a bunch of wild turkeys almos' scratch dirt in their faces and git away 'cause they thought they the kind that belonged in somebody's barn-

And the old man resumed his cud and attitude, while the conversation was skill-fully shifted to other subjects.

An Earnest Plea. "Well," said the employe of the brewery,

around here?" "Aw, you needn't get scared," replied Meandering Mike. "We don't want nothin to drink."

rather roughly, "what do you people want

"Leastways, we don't expect ter git nothin'," added Plodding Pete. "We come around ter give ye some advice about how ter run yer business." "I know. You think we ought to give

away things instead of asking money for them." "No. I don't look fur no miracles.] know that ye've got avarice in yer system an' there's no use of anybody's tryin ter git it out. Ye've heard about what the

gover ment's likely to do." "You mean about putting an extra tax of 50 cents a barrel on beer?" "Of course, we've heard about it."

"Did a feller I met a short time ago tell me right when he said there was water in beer, or was he just tryin' ter make me "Of course; there's water in all bever-

"If that extry tax is put on beer it'll cost ye that much more, won't it?"
"Certainly."

"An' ye'll be tempted ter economize somewhere if ye kin do it so's it won't cause too much dissatisfaction.'

"That may be."
"Well, mister, all we wanted ter do was ter impress on yer mind the fact that the little things counts up amazin'. Ef ye git water from a well it means a lot o an' tear on a pump, an' if ye take it from the city they measure it off in a meter an' make ye pay fur every foot of it. Mister, if the time comes when ye feel that ye've got ter dispense wit somethin', fur good-ness' sake, leave out the water."

DETERMINING HIS STATUS.

A Candidate for Suffrage Makes His First Appearance. The post office inspector just arrived in Washington from a three months' trip through the south was narrating some of

his experiences. "At the last election in a state which I "At the last election in a state which I shall not make it dangerous for me to return to by mentioning in a public print," he was saying to a group of listeners, "I heard a funny kind of an examination at the polls. One of the very greenest country jakes I think I ever saw came up and wanted to vote. It was his first vote, and the judges held him up.

"Want to vote?' asked one in a pleasing, off-hand manner.

off-hand manner.
"'What's that?' said the applicant, try-

ing to show courage. "'What ticket?" " 'I dunno. "'Are you a democrat?"

'Are you a republican?

'How about being a prohibitionist?'
'What's that un?' 'One of the cold water people.'
'For washin'?' 'Gosh to splinters, I ain't that,

reckon.'
"'Very well,' said the judge, giving it up as a bad job, 'as there isn't anything else, you are a populist.'
"A faint gleam of intelligence, as if some familiar name had broken into the young voter's perception, shone in his face.
"'I dunno,' he replied, hesitatingly.' Mebbe I am; Pap says I'm the biggest dern fool in four precincts.'"



Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.

Unforeseen Embarrassment. A youth of melancholy mien was sauntering aimlessly down the avenue when an acquaintance saw him and hailed him. "Cheer up!" the friend suggested at random. "Things might be worse, you know." "You don't know what has happened to

me, do you?" was the response. "No; but judging from appearance, it nust be something tragic." "I used to be a careless, light-hearted

creature, didn't 1?" "Unquestionably. What has caused the

transformation." "Social conditions. I never realized until this morning that it made any difference whether women were permitted to work in

competition with men or not. Now I perceive the terrible importance of the question which so many people are inclined to treat with absolute levity. I am engaged to marry a young woman whose simplicity and, unworldiness were what chiefly at-tracted me. She wanted to show that she could be independent and earn her living If the necessity should arise; so she went into her father's office."
"Surely there was everything to admire

in such a spirit." That's what I thought. But look at this You're a bosom friend and I can confide in you. Here's a letter I just received in response to an invitation to go to the theater. Suppose you turn from a contemplation of the change in my demeanor think of the awful contrast which billet doux presents when compared to letters from the same source, which were gems of unaffected poerry. It's the first typewritten document she ever sent me.

The friend took the paper and read: THOMAS TIBBS, Esq., Washington, D. C. My Own Dearest: In response to you note reqesting my Co. to the theater, hasten to say that on no Acct. would miss the pleasure of being with you. You speak of sweet visions of the future. oo, have indulged in blissful hopes. But have at times feared that they tirely of my own imagination's Mfg.; that I had been Bldg, castles in the air. You have no reason for thinking the servant deceived you when she told 70u t was out You know I am always % home to you. I was sorry to find your letter tinged with sadness. Remember that even if you are poor in wordly Mdse, you may be rich in affection; that whether your pathway be one of joy or sorrow, some devoted being will be ready and proud to to...
ft.-steps. Very respectfully, your own
CLARA. will be ready and proud to follow in your

"There's only one thing more for her to do," remarked the disconsolate youth. "What is that?"

"Have some blanks printed and sign her name with a rubber stamp. There's no use of anybody's trying to hide away and neglect the great social problems of the day. Sooner or later they are bound to be brought right to his door. I used to say, What's the odds? Let them go ahead and compete with men. It's no more than

"Have you altered your opinion?" "Yes, sir. I don't care about the difference it may make in wages. But I want to call a halt before we reach a condition where a man will have to look twice to make sure whether he has received a love letter or a bill of lading."

That fowl 'ud keep us laughin' ter the very verge o' tears.

She'd brought out lots o' chickens; allus done her level best, An' she made her mind up that she'd treat the nest-egg like the rest! monstrous lot o' poetry an' eloquence is

spent In bringin' to attention "Patience on a n-onnyment."

But I reckon she could put that statcher's glory clean to roat-The hen that took a chiny egg an' tried ter

hatch it out.

How often me an' Josh an' Bill an' Zeb 'ud go an' see
The ol' girl stickin' to it, jes' as earnest as
could be! She would fly at yer an' holler, an' there'd

be the deuce ter pay, Ef ye tried ter save her trouble an' ter take the egg away.

Ah, them was good ol' days! Us boys is widely scattered now.

I claimed farms could be made to pay, an' said I'd show 'em how.

My comfort's in the children. An' I've often told 'em 'bout The hen that took a chiny egg an' tried ter hatch it out.

I keep a-gittin' letters, now an' then, from all the boys.

They allus tell me, candid, 'bout their sorsows an' their joys.

Each has some fine ambition that he nurses day an night, An' each is sure thet, somehow, everything'll come out right. An' we'll all be jes' as happy, though we won't be proud, as kings,

won't be proud, as kings,
When time brings 'round the joy ter which
each hopeful fancy clings.
An' we often speak of boyhood days—the happiest, there's no doubt,
An' the hen that took a chiny egg an' tried ter hatch it out.

A Confused Psychologist. He had just dropped a nickel in the slot and was listening to the music with the inane look of enjoyment so incomprehensible to the disinter-

ested spectator. He dropped the earpieces ed for the door. As he passed out he met "Hello! Been listening to the music?"
"I don't know," was "Well." was the

semi-serious response, "what do you think about it?" "It's difficult to express. You see, I don't think I actually

have been hearing music. I think I just think I have." "You don't mean to say that you have doubts as to your own mental condition!" "Not at all. I'll come out of it all right."

"Why, what has happened to you?"
"A lot of things. I have just had an idea which I'm inclined to believe explains a whole lot of marvelous events. This morning one of the first things I did was to put a rubber disc to my ear, and by put-ting my lips to another rubber disc, hold a conversation over a wire with a friend miles away."
"Well, there's nothing uncommon in that," was the reply in a tone of some

that," was the reply in a tone of some apprehension.

"That's what everybody says. And it seems to me as if it had been going on for years. It's an ordinary occurrence for me to get into a car that has neither a horse nor a locomotive attached to it and ride around town."

"To be sure it is," returned the friend, still more uneasily.

"And a little while ago I went to a place where, by turning on a peculiar blueish."

"And a little while ago I went to a place where, by turning on a peculiar blueish light? I could look through my hand and ste my own bones."

"That's an old thing now."

"That's the peculiar part of it. Everybody seems to take it all as a matter of course. That's what makes it so funny. It would seem a simple, every-day matter if I were to tell you that I could talk into a machine and then have it repeat every word I say an indefinite number of times."

"My dear fellow—what you need is rest."

"It's all right. I understand the situation. This isn't my first experience. Have you ever read about how a man will start in when the clock bands and will start in when the clock begins to strike 12 and dream a series of events which seem to cover half a lifetime before the clock has ceased striking?"

"Yes."

"And haven't you had dreams in which you said to yourself 'Pshaw! This is nothing but a dream. I'll wake up pretty soon;" and then went right on dreaming, just the

"Many a time."
"Well, the only way I can account for it all is on the theory that some such thing is happening to me now. And, come to think of it, I guess I will ask you to excuse me. I'm going back and hear that machine play 'Sweet Little Rosey Posey' once more before my wife breaks into the room and tells me that it's 8 o'clock and I'd better hurry if I want to get down to the office in time."

The Turn of a Phrase. "Ward politician" is the name

His townsmen gave him then, But he strove on with industry To lead his fellow men. He hasn't learned much since he found Fame's wreath upon his brow,

And drawn a public salary, But he's "a statesman" now. They said he "scraped the fiddle" when The youth ambitious played; Their teeth would chatter at the tones Which carefully he made.

He found a manager at last, And wealth he gathers in. And now they say that he "performs Upon the violin.

Another had "the gift of gab" When he was still obs The neighbors said that much they'd do His silence to secure. But fortune smiled upon his work,

And now, with glee intense, They sit for hours and talk about "His wondrous eloquence." She was "red-headed" when, a lass, She dwelt in days of yore; They spoke of her as "freckled," too. Since then her father's store Has made a mammoth fortune.

And each old acquaintance fond,

Says reverently, "isn't she A perfect Titian blonde?" A Glad Prospect.

Derringer Dan laid down the publication which chance had thrown in his way and gazed pensively afar. He was so oblivious surroundings

that an invitation to refreshments passed wholly unnoticed. It was the resentment occasioned by his seeming discourtesy seeming discources, that brought him to that brought him to earth again. His apologies were pro-fuse.

"It wouldn't of occurred," he explain-ed, "ef I hadn't of happened to git liter-ary. I've heard it said that literary folks is always ab-sent-minded, a n'

senice my brain drawed a boad on that article I kin under-stand what makes 'em so." I never will furgit it if I live a hundred yarn," commented Pinte Pete,
"Twasn't no yarn whatsoever," "It must have been a powerful fascinatin'

"It was the truth." reply.

What was it about?" "War." "I've got no use fur it," exclaimed Threefinger Sam. "Of course, screiety hez got to be pre-tected. Gettin' the dots on a man for horse stealin' an' hitchin' him to a tree so's he won't wander around and do it no more is a justifiable perceedin'. But war is promise'ous an' brutal. This thing o' blazin away at somebody ye never was even interduced to is, to say the least of it, down

right ensociable.

"The trouble is," said Derringer Dan,
"that us feilers was born too soon. There
ain't any doubt that war, as practiced up to
the present time, is a flighty low-down,
coyote game o' gittin' the drop on a total
stranger. But civilization is advancin' an'
in the course o' time t'll be in advancin' an' in the course o' time it'll be jes' as purty a sport as fare bank or draw poker. heme as it now stands is to see which side scheme as it now stands is to see which side kin do the most killin'. An' as soon as one general gits convinced that the other feller kin siay more people than he kin, common sense compels him to lay down and wait fur another deal."

"That's one o' the most scholarly descrip-tions I ever heard" remarked Branche Rob-

tions I ever heard," remarked Broncho Bob admiringly.
"These here inventors has, accordin' to

that article, set theirselves to work to im-prove the implements of battle, so's there won't be no chance of escape when they once git in motion an' no limit to their ca-"Seems to me that's goin' ter make war

wuss'n ever," observed Rattlesnake Pete.
"That's what I thought. But the article says as how it's goin' to result in makin' war so deadly that nobody'll have any-thing to do with it." "It's a fairy story," said Plute Pete,

positively. "It's easy enough to whittle a few chips off a lead pencil an' sit down an' figger them things out. But I'll bet anythin' I've got thet there's goin' to be mis understandin's between different branches of the human race right along to the end "No one says there won't be. But they'll

be settled in a more gentlemanly way. As fur as I kin make out, the battle of the future will be kerried on in something like this fashion. The opposin' forces will hus-tle around an' pervide themselves weth all the destructive engines they kin lay hands

on."
"Won't there be no soldiers?"
"Certain. Let's 'spose, fur instance, thet
the United States has a war weth Spain,
The two generals gits together, an' the
United States general he puts a certain
number of men into the field. Then the
Spanish general he has a feller play a tune
on the cornet an' sashay out to bring an
equal number of men into the field, remarkin' as is customary on such occaon the cornet an sashay out to bring an equal number of men into the field, remarkin', as is customary on such occasions, I cail yer. Or if he hez the grit he kin bring out a still greater number of men, in which event he will say, I see ye an raise ye, or words to that effeck. Finally it comes to a show-down, an' the United States general says, 'What ye got?' The Spanish general, who, like as not, has been bluffin', looks worried, an' says: I ain't got nothin' but a pair o' 16-inch guns, with cellulose armor on the side.' 'I've got that beat easy,' says the United States general. 'I've got three Hotchkiss guns an' two torpedo boats.' Then the Spanish general merely says, 'That's good,' an' turns over ez much of his army as he happened to risk on the deal, an' goes off to raise another stake. Of course, it'll take some time to regulate the exact value of the hands and readjust the rules so's to make 'em fit the occasions as they come up. But it's fit the occasions as they come up. But it's goin' to be a mighty fine game, and I only wisht I could sit into it."



